

HIC MULIER:
OR,
The Man-Woman:

Being a Medicine to cure the Coltish Disease of
the Stagers in the Masculine-feminines
of our Times.

Express'd in a briefe Declamation.

Non omnes possunt omnes.

Mist'ris, will you be trim'd or truss'd?



London printed by I. W. and are to be sold at Child Chancery gate. 1620.

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Professor J. A. W. Gunn,
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Kingston, Ontario, Canada

HIC MULIER: OR, THE
MAN-WOMAN
AND
HAEC-VIR: OR, THE
WOMANISH-MAN

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Bibliographical Note

Hic mulier appeared in 1620, licensed on 9 February to John Trundle, a well-known publisher of topical tracts. *Haec-vir*, ostensibly a reply, was licensed, also to Trundle, on 16 February, a speed which suggests that 'the two were designed as a bookseller's effort to capitalize on popular interest in both sides of the controversy over the position of women (L. B. Wright, *Middle-class culture in Elizabethan England* [Chapel Hill, 1935], p. 499). *Hic mulier* is a rather conventional diatribe against women who betray their sex by assertive and immodest behavior, and particularly by dressing like men. *Haec-vir*, much livelier and better-written, is a dialogue in which *Hic mulier* defends herself against the charges reeled out by *Haec-vir*, the effeminate man, and claims the rights of women to personal liberty and to recognition as individuals. Although the author of neither pamphlet is known, differences in style and attitude indicate that two writers were involved. Trundle may have commissioned them as a contribution to the continuing argument set off by Joseph Swetnam's *The arraignment of lewd, idle, froward and unconstant women*, published in 1615. By 1620 this had gone into five editions and had elicited four answers, among them two purporting to be by women: Rachel Speght's *A mouzell for Melastomus* and *The worming of a mad dogge* by Constantia Munda, both 1617. King James himself had just voiced objections to 'the insolence of our women, and their wearing of brode brimed hats, pointed doublets, they hayre cut short or shorne, and some of them stilettos or poniards' (J. Chamberlain to Sir D. Carleton, 25 January 1619/20, cited in E. P. Statham, *A Jacobean letter-writer: the life and times of John Chamberlain* [London, 1920], p. 182). There is a select list of Tudor and early Stuart tracts and satires on women in *Cambridge bibliography of English literature* (Cambridge, 1940), I, 716-17.

Pollard, and Redgrave, *Short title catalogue*, record two copies of *Haec-vir* (12599) and four copies of *Hic mulier* (13374 and 13375). The separate entry for the copy in the British Library is a consequence of its having been cropped close at the bottom of the title page. Ramage, *A finding list of English books to 1640*, lists a fifth copy of *Hic mulier*.

Collation of the Huntington Library copy (H) with those of the British Library (B) and the Wigan Public Library (W) shows that press corrections were made twice in the course of printing. H is the final version, incorporating a number of corrections, mainly of spelling and punctuation, which affect the alignment. In W some (but not all) of the corrections that appear in H have been made

on a single signature, A4^v (e.g., in line 4, H and W have 'doublet' where B has 'dublet'). The most material amendment occurs in line 3 of that signature where H has 'civill embracement' whereas B and W have 'open embracement'.

In the opinion of Dr. Edward Hodnett, the woodcuts, in a style characteristic of popular contemporary publications such as ballads and broadsides, were executed especially for these works by an unknown craftsman (neither designed by an artist nor cut by a Formscheider).

The Rota is grateful to the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, for permission to reproduce *Hic mulier* (61256) and *Haec-vir* (61257). We wish to thank the Director of the Wigan Public Libraries. We have also received help from the British Library. Our greatest debt is to Dr. Sandra Clark for suggesting that these tracts be published and for substantial help with this Note.

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HIC MULIER.



HIC MULIER; How now? Breake
Prescians head at the first encounter? but two words, and they false
 Latine? Pardon mee good Signior *Constraction*; for I will not answer thee as the Pope did, that I will doe it in despite of the Grammar: but I will mainetaine, if it bee not the truest Latine in our Kingdome, yet it is the commonest. For since the daies of *Adam* women were neuer so Masculine; Masculine in their genders and whole generations, from the Mother, to the youngest daughter; Masculine in Number, from one to multitudes; Masculine in Case, euen from the head to the foot; Masculine in Moode, from bold speech, to impudent action; and Masculine in Tense: for (without redresse) they were, are, and will be still most Masculine, most mankinde, and most monstrous. Are all women then turn'd Masculine? No, God forbid, there are a world full of holy thoughts, modest carriage, and seuer chastitie; to these let mee fall on my knees, and say; A Petition to good women.
 You, O you women; you good women; you that are in the fulnesse of perfection, you that are the

Hic Mulier,

crownes of natures worke, the complements of mens excellencies, and the Seminaries of propagation; you that maintaine the world, support mankinde, and giue life to societie; you, that armed with the infinite power of Vertue, are Castles impregnable, Riuer vnfaileble, Seas immouable, infinite treasures, and invincible armies; that are helpers most trustie, Centinels most carefull, signes deceitlesse, plaine wayes failelesse, true guides dangerlesse; Balmes that instantly cure, and honours that neuer perish : O. doe not looke to finde your names in this Declamation, but with all honour and reuerence doe I speake to you : You are *Seneca's* Graces, women, good women, modest women, true women: euer yong, because euer vertuous, euer chaste, euer glorious : when I write of you, I will write with a golden pen, on leaues of golden paper ; now I write with a rough quill, and blacke Inke, on iron sheetes, the iron deeds of an iron generation.

Seneca Benef. 41.

Of whom the
Author writes.

Come then, you Masculine-women, for you are my Subiect, you that haue made Admiration an Assle, and fool'd him with a deformitie neuer before dream'd of, that haue made your selues stranger things then euer *Noahs* Arke vnladed, or *Nyle* ingendred; whom to name, hee that named all things, might study an Age to giue you a right attribute, whose like are not found in any Antiquaries study, in any Sea-mans trauell, nor in any Painters cunning; you that are stranger then strangenesse it selfe, whom Wisemen wonder at; Boyes shoute at,

or, the Man-Woman.

at, and Goblins themselves start at; You that are the gilt durt, which imbroders Play-houses; the painted Statues which adorne Caroches, and the pertumed Carrion that bad men feede on in Brothels: 'Tis of you, I intreat, and of your monstrous deformitie; You that haue made your bodies like anticke Boscadge, or Crotesco worke, not halfe man, halfe woman; halfe fish, halfe flesh; halfe beast, halfe Monster: but all Odyous, all Diuell, that haue cast off the ornaments of your sexes, to put on the garments of Shame; that haue laid by the bashfulnessse of your natures, to gather the impudence of Harlots; that haue buried silence, to reuiue slander; that are all things but that which you should be, and nothing lesse then friends to vertue and goodnesse; that haue made the foundation of your highest detested worke, from the lowest despised creatures that Record can giue testimonie of; the one cut from the Common-wealth at the Gallowes; the other is well knowne From the first you got the false armoury of yellow Starch (for to weare yellow on white, or white vpon yellow, is by the rules of Heraldry basenesse, bastardie, and indignitie) the folly of imitation, the deceitfulnessse of flatterie, and the grossest basenesse of all basenesse, to do whatsoeuer a greater power will command you. From the other, you haue taken the monstrousnesse of your deformitie in apparell, exchanging the modest attire of the comely Hood, Cawle, Coyse, handsome Dresse or Kerchiefe, to the cloudy Ruffi-
anly

Hic Mulier,

only broad-brim'd Hatte, and wansou Feather, the modest vpper parts of a concealing straight gowne, to the loose, lasciuious ciuill embracement of a French doublet, being all vnbutton'd to entice, all of one shape to hide deformitie, and extreme short wasted to giue a most easie way to euery luxurious action: the glory of a faire large hayre, to the shame of most ruffianly short lockes; the thicke gather'd, and close guarding Saueguards, to the short, weake, thinn, loose, and euery hand-entertaining snort basses; for Needles, Swords; for Prayer bookes, bawdy ligs; for modest gestures, gyant-like behaviours, and for womens modestie, all Mimicke and apish inciuitie: These are your founders, from these you tooke your copies, and (without amendment) with these you shall come to perdition.

Sophocles being asked, why he presented no women in his Tragedies but good ones? and *Euripides* none but bad ones? answered, he presented women as they should be; but *Euripides* women as they were. So I present these Masculine women in the deformities as they are, that I may call them backe to the modest comelinesse in which they were.

The modest comelinesse in which they were? Why, did euer these *Mearemaids*, or rather *Meare-monsters*, that weare the Car-mans blocke, the Dutchmans feather *Vpse-van-muffe*, the poore mans pate pou'd by a Treene dish, the French doublet truss'd with points, to *Mary Anbries* light nether skirts,

Why the Author writ thus.

The description of a Masculine Feminae.

or, the Man-Woman.

skirts, the Fooles Bandrike, and the Diuels Ponyard. Did they euer know comelineffe, or modestie? Fie, no, they neuer walkt in those pathes; for these at the best are sure bur ragges of Gentry, torne from better pieces for their soule staines, or else the adulterate branches of rich Stocks, that taking too much sap from the roote, are cut away, and imploy'd in base vses; or, if not so, they are the stinking vapours drawne from dunghils, which nourisht in the higher Regions of the ayre, become Meteors and false fires blazing and flashing therein, and amazing mens mindes with their strange proportions, till the substance of their pride being spent, they drop down againe to the place from whence they came, and there rot and consume vnpittied, and vn-remembered.

And questionlesse it is true, that such were the first beginners of these last deformities, for from any purer bloud would haue issued a purer birth: there would haue beene some sparke of vertue: some excuse for imitation: but this deformitie hath no agreement with goodnesse, nor no difference against the weakest reason: it is all base, all barbarous. Base, in respect it offends man in the example, and God in the most vnnaturall vse: Barbarous, in that it is exorbitant from Nature, and an *Antithesis* to kinde; going astray (with ill-fauoured affectation) both in attire, in speech, in manners, and (it is to bee feared) in the whole courses and stories of their actions. What can bee more

Deformitie is
base and barbarous.

Hic Mulier,

barbarous, then with the glosse of mumming Art, to disguise the beauty of their creations? To mould their bodies to euery deformed fashion: their tongues to vile and horrible prophanations, and their hands to ruffianly and vnciuill actions; To haue their gestures as pye-bald, and as motley-various as their disguises; their soules fuller of infirmities then a horse or prostitute, and their mindes languishing in those infirmities: If this bee not barbarous, make the rude *Scithian*, the vntamed *Moore*, the naked *Indian*, or the wilde *Irish*, Lords and Rulers of well gouerned Cities.

But rests this deformitie then onely in the bawle? in none but such as are the beggery of desert? that haue in them nothing but skyttishnesse, & peeuishnesse? that are liuing graues, vnwholesome Sinkes? quartan Feuers for intolerable cumber, and the extreme iniury and wrong of nature? are these, and none else guilty of this high Treason to God, and nature?

Of the better
fort guilty of
this disguise.

O yes, a world of other, many knowne great; thought good, wisht happy, much loued, and most admired, are so foulely branded vvith this infamie of disguise, and the markes sticke so deepe on their naked faces, and more naked bodies, that not all the painting in *Rome* or *Fanna* can conceale them, but euery eye discouers them almost as low as their middles.

Where the
best painting
is sold.

It is an infection that emulates the plague, and throwes it selfe amongst women of all degrees,
all

or, the Man-Woman.

all deserts, and all ages; from the Capitoll to the Cottage, are some spots or swellings of this disease, yet euermore the greater the person is, the greater is the rage of this sicknesse, and the more they haue to support the eminence of their Fortunes, the more they bestowe in the augmentation of their deformities: not onely such as will not worke to get bread, will finde time to weaue her selfe points to trusse her loose Breeches: and shee that hath pawned her credit to get a Hat, will sell her Smocke to buy a Feather; Shee that hath giuen kisses to haue her hayre shorne, will giue her honestie to haue her vpper parts put into a French doublet: To conclude, she that will giue her body to haue her bodie deformed, will not sticke to giue her soule to haue her minde satisfied.

What women
will doe for
their pleasures.

But such as are able to buy all at their owne charges, they swimme in the excesse of these vanities, and will bee man-like not onely from the head to the waste, but to the very foot, & in euery condition: man in body by attyre, man in behauiour by rude complement, man in nature by aptnesse to anger, man in action by pursuing reuenge, man in wearing weapons, man in vsing weapons: And in brieft, so much man in all things, that they are neither men, nor women, but iust good for nothing.

The excesse of
the great persons.

And can Greatnesse and great Birth; great beauty, great bringing vp, and great riches, stoope

Hic Mulier,

What a woman is when her vertue is lost:

to the basenesse of these monstrous imitations? Why, what are all they when the face of vertue is disguised, more then as silver Bells on a Iacke an Apes coate that shew faire, and chyme sweet; but saue not poore Iacke from one lash of the whip, when his knauerie requires it? no more shall their greatnesse or wealth saue them from one particle of disgrace, which these monstrous disguises haue cast vpon them.

Oh you that are the great rich builders of this huge frame or Masse of disguises, remember what the Poet saith;

S. T. U.

*As for the (oddes of sexes) portion,
Nor will I banne it, nor my ayne it make,
Birth, Beauty, wealth are nothing worth alone,
All these I could for good additions take:
Not for good parts, those two are ill combin'd
whom any third thing frō themselves hath ioin'd.*

*Rather then these be obiect of my loue,
Let it be good; when these with vertue goe,
They (in themselves indifferent) vertues prone,
For good like fire turnes all things to be so:
Gods Image in her soule, O let me place
My loue vpon; not Adams in her face.*

That from the first there was difference in nature.

Remember how your Maker made for our first Parents coates, not one coat, but a coat for the man, and a coat for the woman; coates of seuerall fashions, seuerall formes, and for seuerall vses: the mans coat fit for his labour, the womans fit for

or, the Man-Woman.

for her modestie : and will you lose the modell left
by this great Work-maister of Heaven?

The long hayre of a woman is the ornament
of her sexe, and bashfull shamefastnesse her chiefe
honour : the long haire of a man, the vizard for
a theeuish or murderous disposition: and will you
cut off that beauty, to weare the others villany?
The Vestals in *Rome* wore comly gariments of one
piece from the neck to the heele; and the Sword-
players motley doublets, with gaudy points : the
first begot reuerence; the later laughter: and will
you lose that honor, for the others scorn? the wea-
pon of a vertuous woman was her teares, which
euery good man pitied, and euery valiant man
honoured: the weapon of a cruell man is his
sword, which neither Law allowes, nor reason de-
fends: and will you leaue the excellent shield of
innocence for this deformed instrument of
disgrace? Euen for goodnesse sake (that can euer
pay her owne with her owne merits) looke to
your reputations, which are vndermined with
your owne Follies, and doe not become the idle
Sisters of foolish *Don Quixote*, to beleue euery
vaine Fable whi h you read, or to think you may
bee attired like *Bradamant*, who was often taken
for *Ricardetto* her brother; that you may fight
like *Mayfiza*, and winne husbands with conquest,
or ride a tryde like *Clariadana*, and make Gyants
fall at your stirrups, (the Morals will giue you
better meanings) which if you shunne, and take

Of beauty and
defectum etc.

Women com-
pared to Don
Quixote.

Arist. Cant. 15.

Hic Mulier,

the grosse imitations, the first will deprive you of all good societie; the second, of noble affections; and the third, of all beloued modestie: you shall lose all the charmes of womens naturall perfecti-
ons, haue no presence to winne respect, no beauty to inchaunt mens hearts, nor no bashfulnesse to excuse the vildest imputations.

The fayrest face covered with a foule vizard, begets nothing but affright or sicorne, and the noblest person, in an ignoble disguise, attaines to nothing but reproch, and scandall: Away then with these disguises, and foule vizards; these vn-naturall paintings, and immodest discoueries; keepe those parts concealed from the eyes, that may not bee toucht with the hands: Let not a wandring and lasciuious thought read in an intising Index the contents of an vnchaste volume. Imitate nature: and as shee hath plac't on the surface and superficies of the earth, all things needfull for mans sustenance, and necessarie vſe; as Hearbs, Plants, Fruits, Corne and such like, but lockt vp close in the hidden cauerns of the earth, all things which appertaine to his delight and pleasure: as gold, silver, rich Mynerals and precious Stones: so doe you discover vnto men all things that are fit for them to vnderstand from you: as bashfulnesse in your cheekes, chastitie in your eyes, wisdom in your words, sweetnesse in your conuersation, piety in your hearts, and a generall and seuerer modestie in the whole structure

How women
should imitate
nature.

or, the Man-Woman.

ture or frame of your vniuerfall composition : But for those things which belong to this wanton and lasciuious delight and pleasure : as eyes wandring, lips bylling, tongue inticing, bared brests seducing, and naked armes inbracing : O hide them, for shame hide them in the closest prisons of your strictest government : shield them with modest and comely garments, such as are warine and wholesome, hauing euery window closed with a strong Casement, and euery Loope-hole furnisht with such strong Ordnance, that no vnchaste eye may come neere to assayle them; no lasciuious tongue wooc a forbidden passage, nor no prophane hand touch reliques so pure and religious. Guard them about with counter-scarfes of Innocence, Trenches of humane Reason, and impregnable walles of sacred Diuinitie : not with Anticke disguise, and Mimicke fantastickenesse, where euery window stands open like the *Saburra*, and euery window a Curtizan with an instrument, like so many *Syrens*, to inchant the weak passenger to shipwracke and destruction. Thus shall you be your selues againe, and liue the most excellentest creatures vpon earth, things past example, past all imitation.

Remember, that God in your first creation did not forme you of slyme and earth, like man, but of a more pure and refined metall; a substance much more worthy : you in whom are all the harmonies of life, the perfection of Symetry, the
true

A street where
the Curtizans
dwelt in Rome.

Hic Mulier,

true and curious consent of the most sayrest colours and the wealthy Gardens which fill the world with liuing Plants. Doe but you receiue vertuous In-mates (as what Palaces are more rich to receiue heauenly messengers?) and you shall draw mens soules vnto you with that seuer, deuout, and holy adoration, that you shall neuer want praise, neuer loue, neuer reuerence.

The excuse of
great persons.

But now mee thinkes I heare the witty-offending great Ones reply in excuse of their deformities: What, is there no difference amongst Women? no distinction of places, no respect of Honours, nor no regard of bloud, or allyance? Must but a bare payre of sheeres passe betweene Noble and ignoble, betweene the generous spirit and the base Mechannick; shall we be all co-heires of one honor, one estate and one habit? O Men, you are then two tyrannous, and not onely iniure Nature, but also breake the Lawes and customes of the wisest Princes. Are not Bishops knowne by their Myters, Princes by their Crownes, Iudges by their Robes, and Knights by their Spurres? but poore Women haue nothing (how great soeuer they bee) to diuide themselues from the intising shewes or moouing Images which do furnish most shops in the City. What is it that cyther the Lawes haue allowed to the greatest Ladies, custome found conuenient, or their bloods or places challenged, which hath not beene ingroft into the Citie with as great greedinesse, and pretence of

The Citie ac-
cused.

The Cities
Pride.

true

or, the Man-Woman.

true tytle; as if the surcease from the Imitation were the vnder breach of their Charter eternally.

For this cause, these Apes of the City have Bringing in of inticed forraigne Nations to their Cels, and there forraigne fashions. comitting grosse adultery with their Gewgaws, have brought out such vnmaturall conceptions, that the whole world is not able to make a *Democritus* big inough to laugh at their foolish ambitions. Nay, the very Art of Painting (which to Citizens blamed for painting the last Age shall ever be held in detestation) they have so cunningly stoln and hidden amongst their husbands hoords of treasure, that the decayed stock of Prostitution (having little other revenues) are howerly in bringing their action of *Detinue* against them. Hence (being thus troubled with these *Popeniars*, & loth still to march in one ranke with fooles and *Zanyes*) have proceeded these disguised deformities, not to offend the eyes of goodnesse, but to tyer with ridiculous contempt the neuer-to-be satisfied appetites of these grosse and vnmanerly intruders: nay, look if this very last Citizens got into this new disguise. edition of disguise, this which is so full of faults, corruptions and false quotations, this bayt which the Diuel hath layd to catch the soules of wanton Women, be not as frequent in the deny-Palaces of Burgars and Citizens, as it is either at Maske, Tryumph, Tilt-yard, or Play-house: call but to account the Taylors that are contained within the Circumference of the Walles of the City,

C

and

Hic Mulier,

and let but their Hels and their hard reckonings be iustly summed together, and it will bee found they haue raised more new foundations of this new disguise, and metamorphosed more modest old garments, to this new manner of short bace and French doublet (onely for the vse of Free-mens wiues and their children) in one moneth, then hath beene worne in Court, Suburbs, or Countrey, since the vnfortunate beginning of the first diuellish inuention.

Let therefore the powerfull Statute of apparell but lift vp his Battle-Axe, and crush the offenders in pieces, so as euery one may bee knowne by the true badge of their bloud, or Fortune: and then these *Chymera's* of deformitie will bee sent backe to hell, and there burne to Cynders in the flames of their owne malice.

Thus, mee thinkes, I heare the best offenders argue, nor can I blame a hie bloud to swell when it is coupled and counter-checkt with basenes and corruption; yet this shewes an anger passing neere a kinne to enuy, and alludes much to the saying of an excellent Poet:

Women neuer,

Loue beauty in their Sexe, but enuy euer.

They haue *Cæsars* ambition, and desire to bee one and alone, but yet to offend themselues, to grieve others, is a reuenge dissonant to Reason; &
as

or, the Man-Woman.

as *Euripides* saith, a woman of that malicious nature is a fierce Beast, and most pernicious to the Common-wealth, for she hath power by example to doe it a world of iniury. But farre bee such cruelty from the softnesse of their gentle dispositions : O let them remember what the Poet saith:

Women be

*Fram'd with the same parts of the minde as we:
Nay Nature triumpht in their beauties birth,
And women made the glory of the earth,
The life of beauty, in whose simple brests,
(As in her fairest lodging) Vertue rests:
Whose towering thoughts attended with remorse,
Doe make their fairencie be of greater force.*

But when they thrust vertue out of doores, and giue a thamelesse libertie to euery loose passion, that either their weake thoughts ingenders, or the discourse of wicked tongues can charue into their yeelding bosomes (much too apt to be opened with any pick-locke of flattering and deceitfull insinuation) then they turne Maskers, Mimmers, nay Monsters in their disguises, and so they may catch the bridle in their teeth, and runne away with their Rulers, they care not into what dangers they plunge either their Fortunes or Reputations, the disgrace of the whole Sexe, or the blot and obloquy of their priuate Families, according to the saying of the Poet

What makes
Women to de-
forme them-
selues.

Hic Mulier,

E. S.

*Such is the cruelty of women kinde,
When they haue shaken off the shamefacs band
With which wise nature did them strongly binde,
To obey the bests of mans well-ruling hand;
That then all Rule and Reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie;
But vertuous women wisely vnderstand,
That they were borne to milde humilitie,
Vnlesse the heauens them lift to lawfull soeraintie.*

A warning to
Husbands and
Fathers.

To you therefore that are Fathers, Husbands, or Sustainers of these new *Hermaphrodites*, belongs the cure of this Impostume; it is you that give fuell to the flames of their wilde indiscretion. You adde the oyle which makes their stinking Lamps defile the whole house with filthy smoke, and your purses purchase these deformities at rates, both deare and vnreasonable. Doe you but hold close your liberall hands, or take a strict account of the imployment of the treasure you giue to their necessarie maintenance, and these excesses will either cease, or else dye smothered in prison in the Taylors Trunkes for want of Redemption.

Seneca Ben. l. 2.

Seneca (speaking of liberalitie) will by no meanes allow that any man should bestowe either on friend, wife or children, any treasure to be spent vpon ignoble vses, for it not onely robs the party of the honour of bounty, and takes from the deed the name of a Benefit; but also makes him conscious,

or, the Man-Woman.

scious, & guiltie of the crimes which are purchast by such a gratitie. Bee therefore the Schollers of *Seneca*; and your Wives, Sisters and Daughters, will be the Co-heires of modestie.

Licurgus the law-giver made it death in one of his Statutes, to bring in any new custome into his Common-wealth. Doe you make it the vtter losse of your fauour and bounty, to haue brought into your Family, any new fashion or disguise, that might either deforme Nature, or bee an injury to modestie: so shall shamefastnes and comelinesse eue: liue vnder your rooffe, and your Wives and Daughters like Vines and faire Oliues, euer spread with beauty round about your Tables.

The *Lacedemonians* seeing that their children were better taught by examples, then precepts; had hanging in their houses in faire painted tables all the Vertues and Vices that were in those dayes raigning, with their rewards, and punishments. O haue you but in your houses the fashions of all attires constantly, and without change held and still followed through all the parts of Christendom. Let them but see the modest Dutch, the stately Italian, the rich Spaniard, and the courtly French, with the rest, according to their climates, and they will blush, that in a full fourth part of the world there cannot be found one piece of a Character, to compare or liken with the absurditie of their Masculine Inuention; nay, they shall see, that their naked Countreyman, which

Licurgus Law
against nouelties.

The custome
of the Lacedemonians.

Hic Mulier,

had liberty with his Sheeres to cut from euery Nation of the World, one piece or patch to make vp his garment, yet amongst them all could not find this *Misſellanie* or mixture of deformities, which onely by those (which whilst they retained any sparke of womanhood, were both loued and admired :) is loosely, indiskrectly, wantonly and most vnchastely inuented.

And therefore to knit vp this imperfect Declaration, let euery Female-Masculine that by her ill example is guilty of Lust, or Imitation; cast off her deformities, and eloath her selfe in the rich garments which the Poet bestowes vpon her in these Verses following.

*Those Vertues that in women merit praise
Are sober shewes without, chaste thoughts within,
True Faith and due obedience to their mate,
And of their children best care to take.*

FINIS.

HÆC-VIR;
OR

The Womanish-Man:

Being an Answer to a late Booke intituled
Hic-Mulier.

Expressed in a briefe Dialogue betwene *Hæc-*
Vir the Womanish-Man, and *Hic-Mulier* the
Man-Woman.



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H Æ C - U I R:

O R,

The Womanish-Man.

The Speakers.

Hæc-Vir ; The Womanish-Man.

Hic-Mulier ; The Man-Woman.

Hæc-Vir.



Most redoubted and worthy Sir (for lesse then a Knight I cannot take you) you are most happily giuen vnto mine imbrace.

Hic-Mul: Is she mad? or doth shee mocke mee? Most rare and excellent Lady, I am the seruant of your vertues, and desire to be employed in your seruice.

Hæc-Vir. Pitie of patience, what doth hee behold in me, to take me for a woman? Valiant and magnanimous Sir, I shal desire to build the Tower of my Fortune vpon no stronger foundation then the benefit of your grace and fauour.

Hic-Mul: O! proud euer to be your Seruant.

Hæc-Vir. No, the Seruant of your Seruant.

Hac-Vir, or

Hic-Mul: The Tythe of your friendship (good Lady) is above my merit.

Hac-Vir. You make mee rich beyond expressi-
on. But faire *Knight*, the truth is I am a Man, and
desire but the obligation of your friendship.

Hic-Mul: It is ready to be sealed and delivered
to your vse. Yet I would haue you vnderstand I am
a Woman.

Hac-Vir. Are you a VWoman?

Hic-Mul: Are you a Man? O *Iuno Lucina* help me.

Hac-Vir. Yes I am.

Hic-Mul: Your name; most tender piece of
Masculine.

Hac-Vir. Hac-Vir. No stranger either in Court,
Citie, or Countrey. But what is yours, most coura-
gious counterfet of *Hercules* and his Distaffe?

Hic-Mul: Neere a kinne to your goodnes; and
compounded of fully as false Latine. The world
calls me, *Hic-Mulier*.

Hac-Vir. What, *Hic-Mulier*, the Man-Woman?
She that like a Larum-Bell at midnight hath raised
the whole Kingdome in Armes against her? Good,
stand, and let me take a full survey, both of thee, and
all thy dependants.

Hic-Mul: Doe freely: and when thou hast daw-
bed me ouer, with the worst colours thy malice can
grinde, then giue mee leaue to answere for my
selfe, and I will say thou art an accuser iust and in-
different. Which done, I must intreat you to sit as
many minutes, that I may likewise take your pic-
ture.

The Womanish-Man.

nire, & then referre to censure, whether of our deformities is most iniurious to Nature, or most effeminate to good men, in the notoriousnes of the example.

Hac-Vir. With like condition of freedom to answer. The Articles are agreed on: Therefore stand forth, halfe *Birchen-Lane*, halfe *St. Thomas Apostles*: The first lenc thee a doublet, the later a nether-skirt: Halfe *Bridewell*, halfe *Black-Frers*; the one for a scurvy Blocke, the other for a most prophane Feather; halfe Mull'd-Sacke the Chimney-sweeper, halfe *Garrat* the Foole at a Tiling; the one for a Yellow Ruffe, the other for a Skarfe able to put a Souldiour out of countenance; halfe *Bedlam*, halfe *Brimingham*, the one for a base sale Boote, the other for a beastly Leaden gilt Spurre: and to conclude, all Hell, all Damnation. For a shorne, powdered, borrowed Hayre, a naked, lascivious, bawdy Bosome, a *Leaden-Hall* Dagger, a High-way Pistoll, and a mind and behaviour futable or exceeding every repeated detormitic. To be briefe, I can but in those few lines deliniare your proportion, for the paraphrase or compartment, to set out your ugliness to the greatest extent of wonder. I can but referre you to your God-child that carries your own name, I meane the Booke of *His-Mulier*, there you shall see your character, and seeke your shame, with that palpable plaineness, that no *Egyptian* darknes can bee more grosse and terrible.

His-Mul: My most tender piece of mans flesh, leave this lightening and thunder, and come round-
by

Hæc-Vir, or

ly to the matter, draw mine accusation into heads, and then let me answer.

Hæc-Vir. Then thus. In that Booke you are arraigned, and found guilty. First of *Basenesse*, in making your selfe a slave to novelty, and the poore invention of every weake Braine that hath but an embroidered our-side, Next, of *Vnnaturalnesse*, to forsake the Creation of God, and Customes of the Kingdome, to be pieced and patched vp by a French Tailor, an Italian Baby-maker, and a Dutch Souldiour (beat from the Armes for the ill example of Russianly behaulour) then of *Shamelesse*, in casting off all modest softnesse, and civilitie, to runne thorow every desert and wilderness of mens opinions, like careless vntamed Heyfers, or wilde Sauages. Lastly, of *falsenesse*, in having no moderation or temper, either in passions or affections: But turning all into perturbations and sicknesses of the soule, laugh away the preciousnes of your Time, and at last dye with the flattering sweet malice of an incurable consumption. Thus *Basenesse*, *Vnnaturalnesse*, *Shamelesse*, *Falsenesse*, are the maine Hatch-ments, or Coat-Armours, which you haue tane as rich spoiles to adorne you in the deformitie of your apparell: which if you can excuse, I can pitie, and thanke *Proserpine* for thy wit; though no good man can allow of the Reasons.

Not Base.

Hic-Mul: Well, then to the purpose: First, you say, I am *Base*, in being a Slave to Novelty. What slavery can there be in freedome of election? or what basenesse, to crowne my delights with those pleasures
which

The Womanish-Man.

which are most sutable to mine affections? **Bondage** or **Slavery**, is a restraint from those actions, which the minde (of it owne accord) doth most willingly desire: to performe the intents and purposes of another's disposition, and that not but by mansuetude or sweetnesse of intreatie; but by the force of authoritie and strength of compulsion. Now for mee to follow change, according to the limitation of mine owne will and pleasure, there cannot bee a greater freedome. Nor do I in my delight of change otherwise then as the whole world doth, or as becommeth a daughter of the world to doe. For what is the world, but a very shop or ware-house of change? Sometimes Winter, sometimes Summer; day and night: they hold sometimes Riches, sometimes Poverty, sometimes Health, sometimes Sicknesse; now Pleasure; presently Anguish; now Honour; then contempt: and to conclude, there is nothing but change, which doth surround and mixe withall our Fortunes. And will you haue poore woman such a fixed Starre, that shee shall not so much as moue or twinkle in her owne Spheare? That were true **Slavery** indeed, and a Basenesse beyond the chaines of the worst seruitude. Nature to euery thing she hath created, hath giuen a singular delight in change, as to Hearbs, Plants and Trees a time to wither and shed their leaues, a time to budde and bring forth their leaues, and a time for their Fruits and Flowers: To wormes and creeping things a time to hide themselves in the pores and hollowes of the earth, and a time to come abroad and sucke the dew; To Beasts

What Bondage is.
A defence of change.

B

libertie

Hac-Vir, or

libertie to chuse their fooode, liberty to delight in their food, and liberty to feed and grow fat with their food. The Birds have the ayre to fly in, the waters to bathe in, and the earth to feed on. But to man, both these and all things else, to alter, frame and fashion, according as his will and delight shall rule him. Againe, who will rob the eye of the variety of obiects, the eare of the delight of sounds, the nose of sinels, the tong of tastes, & the hand of feeling? & shall only woman, excellent woman; so much better in that she is something purer, be onely deprived of this benefit? Shall she bee the Bondslave of Time, the Handmaid of opinion, or the strict obseruer of every frosty or cold benumbed imagination? It were a cruelty beyond the Racke or Strapado.

What noueltie is.

But you will say it is not *Change*, but *Noueltie*, from which you deterre vs; a thing that doth evert the good, and erect the euill; preferre the faithlesse, and confound desert; that with the change of Opinions breeds the change of States, and with continuall alterations thrusts headlong forward both Ruine and Subuersion. Alas (soft Sir) what can you chrysten by that new imagined Title, when the words of a wise-man are; *that what was done, is but done againe: all things do change, & vnder the cope of Heauen there is no new thing.* So that whatsoeuer wee doe or imitate, it is neither slauish, Base, nor a breeder of Noueltie.

Not vnnatural.

Next, you condemne me of *Vnnaturalnesse*, in forsaking my creation, and contemning custome. How doe I forsake my creation, that doe all the rights and offices due to my Creation? I was created free, born free,

The Womanish-Man.

free, and liue free: what lets me then so to spinne out my time, that I may dye free?

To alter creation, were to walke on my hands with my beeles vpward, to feed my self with my feet, or to forsake the sweet sound of sweet words, for the hissing noise of the Serpent: but I walk with a face erected, with a body cloathed, with a mind busied, & with a heart full of reasonable and deuout cogitations; onely offensive in attire, in as much as it is a Stranger to the curiositie of the present times, and an enemy to Custome. Are we then bound to be the Flatterers of Time, or the dependants on Custome? O miserable seruitude chained onely to Basenesse and Folly! for then custome, nothing is more absurd, nothing more foolish.

It was a custome amongst the Romanes, that as we wash our hands before meales, so they with curious and sweet oynments anointed all their armes and legges quite ouer, and by successe of time grew from these vnguent to bathes of rich perfumed and compound waters, in which they bathed their whole bodies: holding it the greatest disgrace that might be, to vse or touch any naturall water, as appears by these Verses.

Foolish Cu-
stomes.

*She shines with oynments to make hayre to fall,
Or with sowre Chalke she ouer-comers all.*

Mart. L1.

It was a custome amongst the Ancients to lye vpon stately and soft beds, when cyther they deliuered Embassages, or entered into any serious discourse or argument, as appears by these Verses:

Hæc-Vir, or

Virg. Aen. 1. 2. *Father Æneas thus, gan say,
From flatchy Couch whereon he lay.*

Cato Iunior held it for a custome, neuer to eat meat but sitting on the ground: the *Venetians* kisse one another euer at the first meeting: and euen at this day it is a generall receiued custome amongst our English, that when we meet or ouertake any man in our trauell or iourneying, to examine him whicher hee rides, how farre, to what purpose, and where he lodged? nay, and with that vnmanly boldnesse of inquisition, that it is a certaine ground of a most insufficient quarrell, not to receiue a full satisfaction of those demands which goe farre astray from good manners, or comely ciuilitie; and will you haue vs to marry our selues to these Mymicke and most fantasticke customes? It is a fashion or custome with vs to mourne in Blacke: yet the *Argian* and *Romane* Ladies euer mourned in White; and (if we will tye the action vpon the signification of colours) I see not but we may mourne in *Greene*, *Blue*, *Red* or any simple colour vsed in *Heraldry*. For vs to salute strangers with a kisse, is counted but ciuilitie, but with *torraine* Nations immodestie: for you to cut the hayre of your vpper lips, familiar heere in England, euery where else almost thought vnmanly. To ride on Side-Saddles at first was counted heere abominable pride, &c. I might instance in a thousand things that onely Custome and not Reason hath approued. To conclude *Custome* is an Idiot, and whosoeuer dependeth

The Womanish-Man.

pendeth wholly vpon him, without the discounte of Reason, will take from him his pyde coat, and become a slaue indeed to contempt and censure.

But you say wee are barbarous and shameles and cast off all softnes, to runne wilde through a wilderness of opinions. In this you expresse more cruelty then in all the rest, because I stand not with my hands on my belly like a baby at *Bartholomew Fayre*, that moue not my whole body when I should ~~but~~ onely stirre my head like Lacke of the Clocke house which hath no ioynts, that am not dumbe when wantons court mee, as if Ass-like I were ready for all burthens, or because I weep not when iniury gripes me, like a woorried Deere in the fangs of many Curses: am I therefore barbarous or shamelesse? He is much iniurious that so baptiz'd vs: we are as free-borne as Men, haue as free election, and as free spirits, we are compounded of like parts, and may with like liberty make benefit of our Creations: my countenance shall smile on the worthy, and frowne on the ignoble, I will heare the Wise, and bee deafe to Idcoats, giue counsell to my friend, but bee dumbe to flatterers, I haue hands that shall bee liberall to reward desert, feete that shall moue swiftly to do good offices, and thoughts that shall euer accompany freedome and severity. If this bee barbarous, let me leaue the Citie, and liue with creatures of like simplicity.

To conclude, you say wee are all guilty of most infinite folly and indiscretion. I confesse, that *Discretion* is the true salt which seasoneth euery excellency, eyther in Man or Woman, and without it nothing is

Not shameles.

Not foolish.

Hæc-Vir, or

well, nothing is wortny : that want disgraceth our actions, staineth our Vertues, and indeed makes vs most prophane and irreligious, yet it is euër found in excesse, as in too much, or too little: and of which of these are wee guilty; do we weare too many cloathes or too few? if too many, wee should oppresse Nature, if too few, we should bring sicknesse to Nature: but neither of these wee do, for what we do weare is warme, ~~wh~~isfity and wholesome, then no excesse, and so no indiscretion: where is then the error? onely in the Fashion, onely in the Custome. Oh for mercy sake bind vs not to so hatefull a companion, but remember what one of our famous English Poets sayes:

G. C.

*Round-headed Custome th' apoplexie is
Of Bedrid Nature, and liues led amusse,
And takes away all feeling of offence.*

Again, another as excellent in the same Art, saith,

D'Bar.

*Custome the worlds Iudgement doth blind so farre,
That Vertue it oft arraign'd at Vices Barre.*

And will you bee so tyrannous then, to compell poore Woman to bee a mistrisse to so vnfaithfull a Seruant? Beleeue it, then we must call vp our Champions against you, which are *Beauty* and *Frailty*, and what the one cannot compell you to forgiue, the other shall inforce you to pittie or excuse: and thus my selfe imagining my selfe free of these foure Imputati-
ons,

The Womanish Man.

tions, I rest to bee confuted by some better and graver Iudgement.

Hec-Vir. You haue wrested out some wit, to wrangle forth no reason; since euery thing you would make for excuse, approoues your guilt still more ougly: what baser bondage, or what more seruile baseness, then for the flattering and soothing of an vnbridled apperice, or delight, to take a wilfull libertie to do euill, and to giue euill example? this is to bee Hels Prentice, not Heauens Free-woman. It is disposable amongst our Diuines, whether vpon any occasion a woman may put on mans attyre, or no: all conclude it vnfit; and the most indifferent will allow it, but onely to escape persecution. Now you will not onely put it on, but weare it continually; and not weare it, but take pride in it, not for persecution, but wanton pleasure; not to escape danger, but to runne into damnation; not to helpe others, but to confound the whole sexe by the euilnesse of so lewd an example. *Phalaris* (though an extreme tyrant) when he executed the inuenter of the Brazen Bull in the Bull) did it not so much for the pleasure he tooke in the torment, as to cut from the earth a braine so diuelish and full of vnciuill and vnnaturall inuentions. And sure had the first inuenter of your disguise perisht with all her coopliments about her, a world had been preserved from scandall and slander; for from one euill to beget infinites, or to nourish sin with a delight in sinne, is of all habits the lowest, ignoblest and basest.

Now, who knowes not, that to yeeld to baseness, must needs be folly? (for what Wisdome will bee

Hæc-Vir, or,

guilty of its owne iniury?) To be foolishly base, how can there bee an action more barbarous? and to bee base, foolish and barbarous, how can there appeare any sparke, twinkle, or but ember of discretion or iudgement? So that notwithstanding your elaborat plea for freedome, your severe condemnation of custome, your sayre promise of ciuill actions, and your temperate auoiding of excesse, whereby you would seeme to hugge and imbrace discretion; yet till you weare hats to defend the Sunne, not to cover shorne locks, ~~Cauls~~ to ~~adorne~~ the head, not *Gregorian* to warme idle braines, till you weare innocent white Ruffes, not icalous yellow isandis' d bands, well shapt, comely and close Gownes, not light skirts and French doublets, for Poniards, Samplers, for Pistols Prayer-bookes, and for ruffled Bootes and Spurtes, neate Shooes and cleane-garterd Stockings, you shall neuer lose the title of *Basenesse*, *Vnnaturalnes*, *Shamelesnesse*, and *Foolishnesse*, you shall feede *Ballads*, make rich shops, arme contempt, and onely starue and make poore your selues and your reputations. To conclude, if you will walke without difference, you shall liue without reuerence: if you will contene order, you must indure the shame of disorder; and if you will haue no rulers but your wills, you must haue no reward but disdaine and disgrace, according to the saying of an excellent English Poet:

C. M.

*A stronger hand restraines our wilfull powers,
A will must rule aboue this will of ours;*

Not

The Womanish-Man.

*Not following what our vaine desires do woo,
For Vertues sake but what wee ought to do.*

His-Mnl. Sir, I confesse you haue raysd mine eyelids vp, but you haue not cleane taken away the filme that couers the sight: I feeke (I confesse) cause of belife, and would willingly bend my heart to entertaine belife, but when the accuser is guilty of as much or more then that hee accuseth, or that I see you refuse the potion, and are as grieuously infected, blame mee not then a little to stagger, and till you will bee pleas'd to be cleans'd of that leprosie which I see apparant in you, giue me leaue to doubt whether mine infection be so contagious, as your blinde severity would make it.

Therefore to take your proportion in a few lines, (my deare Feminine Masculine) tell me what Character, prescription or right of claime you haue to those things you make our absolute inheritance? why doe you curle, frizell and powder your hayres, bestowing more houres and time in dewinding locke from lock, and hayre from hayre, in giuing euery thread his posture, and euery curle his true fence and circumference then euer *Cesar* did in marshalling his Army, eyther at *Pharsalia*, in *Spaine*, or *Brittaine*? why doe you rob vs of our Ruffes, of our Earetings, Carakanets, and Mamillions, of our Fannes and Feathers, our Busks and French bodies, nay, of our Maskes, Hoods, Shadowes and Shapynas? not so much as the very Art of Painting, but you haue so greedily ingross it, that were it not for that little fantastick

C

Sharpe-

The description
of a Womanish Man.

Hæc-Vir, or,

sharp pointed dagger that hangs at your thine, & the crosse hilt which guards your vpper lip, hardly would there be any difference between the sayre Mistris & the foolish Seruant. But is this theft the vttermost of our Spoyle? Fie, you haue gone a world further, and euen rauisht from vs our speech, our actions, sports and recreations. Goodnesse leaue mee, if I haue not heard a Man court his Mistris with the same words that *Venus* did *Adonis*, or as neere as the Booke could instruct him; where are the Tilts and Tournies, and lostie Gallyards that were daunst in the daies of old, when men caperd in the ayre like wanton kids on the tops of Mountaines, and turnd aboue ground as if they had been compact of Fire or a purer element? Tut all's forsaken, all's vanish, those motions shewed more strength then Art, and more courage then courtship; it was much too robustious, and rather spent the body then prepared it, especially where any defect before raigned; hence you tooke from vs poore Women our trauerses and tourneys, our modest statelincesse and curious slidings, and left vs nothing bnt the new French garbe of puppet hopping and letting. Lastly, poore Sheete-cock that was only a female inuention, how haue you taken it out of our hands, and made your selues such Lords and Rulers ouer it, that though it be a very Embleme of vs, and our lighter despised fortunes, yet it dare now hardly come neere vs; nay, you keepe it so imprisond within your Bedde-Chambers and dyning roomes, amongst your Pages and Panders, that a poore innocent Mayd to giue but a kicke with her
Battle-

The Womanish-Man.

Battle-dore, were more then halfe way to the ruine of her reputation. For this you haue demolish'd the noble schooles of Horf-manship (of which many were in this Citie) hung vp your Armes to rust, glued vp those swords in their scabberds that would shake all Christendome with the brandish, and entertained into your mindes such softnes, dulnesse and effeminate nicenesse, that it would euen make *Hercules* himselfe laugh against his nature to see how pulingly you languish in this weake entertained sinne of womanish softnesse: To see one of your gender either shew himselfe (in the midst of his pride or riches) at a Play house, or publique assembly how; (before he dare enter) with the *Jacobs*-Staffe of his owne eyes and his Pages, hee takes a full suruay of himselfe, from the highest sprig in his feather, to the lowest spangle that shines in his Shoo-string: how he prunes and picks himselfe like a Hawke set a weathering, calls euery seuerall garment to Auricular confelsion, making them venter both their mortall great staines, and their veniall and lesse blemishes, though the moat bee much lesse then an Attome: Then to see him plucke and tugge euery thing into the forme of the newest receiued fashion; and by *Durers* rules make his legge answerable to his necke; his thigh proportionable with his middle, his foote with his hand, and a world of such idle disdain'd foppery: To see him thus patcht vp with Symetry, make himselfe complete, and euen as a circle: and lastly, cast himselfe amongst the eyes of the people (as an obiect of wonder) with more

Hæc-Vir, or

nicenesse, then a Virgin goes to the sheets of her first Louer, would make patience her selfe mad with anger, and cry with the Poet :

*O Hominum mores, O gens, O Tempora dura,
Quantus in urbe Dolor; Quantus in Orbe Dolus !*

Now since according to your own Inference, euen by the Lawes of Nature, by the rules of Religion, and the Customes of all ciuill Nations, it is necessary there be a distinct and speciall difference betweene Man and Woman, both in their habit and behaviours : what could we poore weake women doe lesse (being farre too weake by force to fetch backe those spoiles you haue vniustly taken from vs) then to gather vp those garments you haue proudly cast away, and therewith to cloath both our bodies and our mindes ; since no other meanes was left vs to continue our names, and to support a difference ? for to haue held the way in which our fore-fathers first set vs, or to haue still imbraced the ciuill modestie, or gentle sweetnesse of our soft inclinations ; why, you had so farre incroacht vpon vs, and so ouer-brib'd the world, to be deafe to any grant of Restitucion, that as at our creation, our whole sexe was contained in man our first Parent, so we should haue had no other beeing, but in you, and your most effeminate qualitie. Hence we haue preserued (though to our owne shames) those manly things which you haue forsaken, which would you againe accept, and restore to vs the Blushes we layd by, when first wee put on your Masculine garments ; doubt not but chaste thoughts

The Womanish Man.

thoughtes and bashfulnesse will againe dwell in vs,
and our Palaces beeing newly gilt, trimmed, and re-
edified, draw to vs all the *Graces*, all the *Muses*; which
that you may more willingly doe, and (as wee of
yours) growe into detestation of that deformitie you
haue purloyn'd, to the vter losse of your Honours
and Reputations: Marke how the braue Itali in Poet,
euen in the Infancy of your abuses, most lively
describes you;

*About his necke a Garment rich he wore
Of precious Stones, all set in gold well tryed;
His armes that earst all warlike weapons bare,
In golden Bracelets wantonly were tryed:
Into his eares two Rings conuayed are
Of golden Wyer, at which on either side,
Two Indian Pearles, in making like two Peares,
Of passing price were pendant at his eares.*

A note.

A description
Effeminate
nesse.

*His Locks bedew'd with waters of sweet sauer:
Stood curled round in order on his head;
He had such wanton womanish behaviour,
As though in Valor he had ne'r been bred:
So chang'd in speech, in manners and in fauour,
So from himselfe beyond all reason led,
By these enchantments of this amorous Dame;
He was himselfe in nothing, but in name.*

Thus you see your iniury to vs is of an old and in-
ueterate continuance, hauing taken such strong root
in your bosomes, that it can hardly bee pull'd vp,
without

Hæc-Vir, or,

without some offence to the soyle : ours yong and tender, scarce freed from the Swaddling clotts, and therefore may with as much ease bee lost, as it was with little difficulty found. Cast then from you our ornaments, and put on your owne armours : Be men in shape, men in shew, men in words, men in actions, men in counsell, men in example : then will we loue and serue you ; then will wee heare and obey you ; then will wee like rich Iewels hang at your eares to take our Instructions, like true friends follow you through all dangers, and like carefull leeches powre oyle into your wounds: Then shall you finde delight in our words ; pleasure in our faces ; faith in our hearts ; chastitie in our thoughts, and sweetnesse both in our inward & outward inclinations. Comelineesse shall be then our study ; feare our Armour, and modestie our practice: Then shall we be all your most excellentest thoughts can desire, and haue nothing in vs lesse then impudence and deformitie.

Hæc-Vir. Inough : You haue both rais'd mine eye-lids, cleered my sight, and made my heart entertaine both shame and delight at an instant ; shame in my Follies past ; delight in our Noble and worthy Conuersion. Away then from me these light vanities, the onely Ensignes of a weake and soft nature : and come you graue and solid pieces, which arme a man with Fortitude and Resolution : you are too rough and stubborne for a womans wearing. we will heere change our attires, as wee haue chang'd our mindes, and with our attires, our names. I will no more be *Hæc-Vir*, but *Hic Vir*, nor you *Hic-Mulier*,
but

The Womanish-Man.

but *Hæc Mulier* : from henceforth deformitie shall packe to Hell : and if at any time hee hide himselfe vpon the earth, yet it shall bee with contempt and disgrace. Hee shall haue no friend but Pouerty ; no fauourer but Folly, nor no reward but Shame. Henceforth we will liue nobly like our selues, euer sober, euer discreet, euer worthy ; true men, and true women. We will bee henceforth like well-coupled Doves, full of industry, full of loue : I meane, not of sensuall and carnall loue, but heavenly and diuine loue, which proceedes from God ; whose vnexpressable nature none is able to deliuer in words, since it is like his dwelling, high and beyond the reach of humane apprehension ; according to the saying of the Poet, in these Verses following :

*Of lounes perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed doth farre surpasse our reasons reach,
And needs his Priest i' expresse his power diuine,
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred aboue ith hy'st celestiaall Spbeare,
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.*

FINIS.

CARE: Top. and leaves to B FRAGILE

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L. Nic Mulier, ...

HÆC-VIR:
O R

The Womanish-Man:

Being an Answer to a late Booke intituled
Hic-Mulier.

Expressed in a briefe Dialogue betwene *Hæc-*
Vir the Womanish-Man, and *Hic-Mulier* the
Man-Woman.



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